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From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 74.)

Paris, March 15, 1832.



This is the 15th of March 1832. May all go well and happily with you to-day! You had rather have letters *arrive* on your birthday, than that they should be *written* on that day; but do not take it ill of me, I cannot accustom myself to it. Father said, one cannot know how things will look a few days afterward, therefore the letter must arrive on the day; I have the feeling doubly, then, for I know neither how the day will pass with you, nor with myself. But if the anniversary has actually arrived, then I feel almost as if I were with you, only you cannot hear my congratulations; then I can offer them without any solicitude, except that of absence. But that, please God, will soon be over, and may He preserve you, and all of you, for my happiness.

I have now begun to throw myself into the musical life in right good earnest; and as that is gratifying to you, I will write you something about it; for a letter, which I meant to send you, together with a sketch book, some days since by Mortier's adjutant, still waits, as does all Paris, for the departure of the Marshall, which however does not take place. But if the letter and the book should reach your hands by this man, accept the whole consignment in a friendly manner, especially the man (a Count Perthuis), for he is one of the friendliest and most amiable men that I have met. I had written you already in that letter, that I am to play Beethoven's G major Concerto day after to-morrow in the Conservatoire, and that the whole Court are coming for the first time to the concert. K. would like to poison me from envy; he sought at first by a thousand intrigues to prevent my playing, and now that he has actually learned that the Queen is coming, he has done all that was possible to get me out of the way. Luckily all the other members of the Conservatoire, especially the all-powerful Habeneck, are my true friends, and so his efforts have availed him nothing. He is the only musician here who really behaves unkindly and falsely toward me; and although I have never trusted him, still it always is a very painful feeling to be with one who hates you, and who does not wish to show it.

The 17th.

The letter could not be got ready, because the aforesaid musical activity has become so furious, that I no longer know whether my head is on my shoulders. So a mere catalogue of what I had and have to do must suffice for to-day, and be at the same time my excuse. I have just

come from the rehearsal of the Conservatoire. We have rehearsed regularly; yesterday twice, and to-day nearly all over again; but now it goes as if it were oiled. If the people to-morrow are half as much enchanted as the orchestra, it will be well; for yesterday they shouted furiously for the Adagio *da capo*, and to day Habeneck was obliged to make a little speech, to show, that there was still a bar of solo at the end, for which they would have the kindness to wait. It would delight you to see all the little friendly, delicate attentions, which this man shows me; after every bit of symphony he asks me, if I find anything wrong in it, and so I have been able here for the first time, in the French orchestra, to realize some favorite *nuances*. After the rehearsal Baillet played my Octet in his class, and if there be a man in the world who can play it, it is he. He was more extraordinary than I have ever heard him; and so were Urban, Norblin, and the others, who all went into it with furious energy.

Besides this I must now finish the arrangement of the Overture and Octet, must put the Quintet in order, as Simrock has purchased it, must write out songs; and I experience the joy of an author in being able to work over my B minor Quartet a little, since it comes out here with two different publishers, who have asked me for some alterations, before they publish it. Finally every evening Soirées; to-night at Bohrer's; tomorrow a *fête* with all the violin *gamins* of the Conservatoire; day after to-morrow Rothschild; Tuesday the *Société des Beaux Arts*; Wednesday my Octet at the Abbé Bardin's; Thursday my Octet at Mme. Kiéné's; Friday, Concert at Erard's; Sunday, Concert at Leo's; and finally, on Monday, laugh who can, my Octet will be played in a church on the anniversary of Beethoven's death; this is the oddest thing the world has seen; but it was not to be refused, and I in a certain manner enjoy the idea of being there to hear Low Mass read during the Scherzo. One cannot imagine anything more absurd, than a priest at the altar, and my Scherzo going on—it is really travelling *incognito*. Finally on the 7th of April Baillot gives a grand concert, and I have promised him to remain here until then, and play a Concerto by Mozart, and something else besides. Then on the 8th I take my seat in the diligence, and travel to London, having first heard my Symphony in the Conservatoire, and sold some pieces; and then I shall rejoice in the friendly reception, which the musicians here have given me. Farewell!

FELIX.

Paris, March 21, 1832.

Pardon my long silence; I had nothing cheering to communicate to you, and I dislike to write letters out of tune. And now too I would still be silent, for I am not at all in a gay state of mind. But since we have the *spectre** here, I mean to write you regularly, that you may know that I am well and working on. Only Goethe's loss is a piece of news, which makes one poor again!

* The cholera.

How differently the country looks! It is one more of those announcements, of which I have already received many here, which now will always occur to me with the mention of Paris, and whose impression will never be effaced to me by all the friendliness, all the noise and bustle, and all the gay life here. May God preserve me from still worse tidings, and bring me back to a happy meeting with you all; that is the main thing!

Several circumstances have induced me to prolong my stay here for at least a fortnight, that is till the middle of April, and the concert idea has begun to haunt me again; and I shall execute it too, if the cholera does not keep people away from musical and other gatherings. That will appear in the course of a week, during which time at all events I shall remain here; but I believe that everything will keep on in its quiet course, and "Figaro" prove in the right, who writes an article, entitled "*Enfoncé le Cholera*," in which he maintains that Paris is the grave of all reputations; that they have no respect for anything there; that they yawn at Paganini (he pleases very little this time), that they do not look round in the street at an Emperor or a Dey; and so too this malady will lose the bad name it has so bitterly acquired here.

Count Perthuis will probably have told you about my playing at the Conservatoire. The French say, it was a *beau succès*, and it has pleased the people. The Queen too sent me all sorts of compliments. On Saturday I have to play again twice in public. But my Octet in the church on Monday has surpassed in absurdity all that the world has seen or heard till now. As the priest officiated at the altar during the Scherzo, it really sounded like "*Fliegenschnauz und Mückennas, verfluchte Dilettanten*;" but the people found it ever so church-like and very fine.

I am really too much delighted, dear father, that my B minor Quartet has pleased you. It is a thing which I am fond of, and which I like very much to play, although the Adagio has turned out much too sweet; but then the Scherzo has so much the better effect after it. But you seem rather to deride my A minor Quartet, when you say of another piece of instrumental music, that one has to rack his brains to find out what the composer was thinking of, when in fact he was thinking of nothing at all. If so, I should have to defend the piece, for that too is dear to me; but it certainly depends very much on the execution; and a single musician, who plays it with zeal and love, as Taubert probably did, makes a great difference. Your

FELIX.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS FROM LONDON.

London, April 27, 1832.

I wish I could describe how glad I am to be here; how fond I am of everything here; how gratified I am at the friendliness of old friends. But for the very reason that this is all going on now, I must be brief to-day.

I must seek out a number of people, whom I have not yet seen, while I have been living in such intimacy with Klingemann, Rosen and Moscheles again, as if we never had been separated. They form the nucleus of my sojourn here. We see each other every day; it does me real good to be once more among good, earnest men and true friends, with whom I do not need to be on my guard, nor to watch them. Moscheles and his wife show me a touching kindness, which I value the more as I become more attached to them both; and then the feeling of health perfectly restored, as if I had renewed my life, and come into the world anew—all these are combined! *

May 11.

I cannot describe to you how happy these first weeks here have been. If from time to time every evil seems to accumulate, as in the winter in Paris, where I had to lose men who were most dear to me, where I never felt at home, and finally became very sick, so sometimes too the opposite occurs, and so it is here in this dear land, where I find my friends again, where I know that I am well, and among men who wish me well, and where I enjoy the feeling of restored health in the fullest measure. Moreover it is warm, the lilacs are in bloom, and there is music to be made; imagine my happiness!

I must describe to you one pleasant morning of last week. Of all the outward recognitions I have yet received, this has delighted me and touched me most, and is perhaps the only one, of which I shall always think with fresh delight. On Saturday morning there was a rehearsal of the Philharmonic, in which however nothing of mine could be given, because my Overture was not yet written out. After Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," during which I was in a box, I wished to go into the hall, to greet some old friends again. But scarcely had I come in below, when some one from the orchestra cried out: "There's Mendelssohn," on which they all began to shout and clap their hands so, that I did not know for a while what to do; and when that was over, another cried out: "Welcome to him," and then they recommenced the same uproar, and I was obliged to go through the hall, and climb up into the orchestra, and return thanks. I never shall forget that; for it was dearer to me than any distinction; it showed that the musicians loved me, and rejoiced that I had come, and it was to me a happier feeling than I can tell.

May 18.

Dear Father!

I have your letter of the 9th in my hands; God grant that Zelter at this moment may be safe and out of danger! You say he is so,—but I anxiously await your next letter, to see his recovery confirmed. I have dreaded it ever since Goethe's death, but the actual occurrence is a different thing. May heaven avert it!

Tell me, pray, what you mean when you write: "Zelter unquestionably desires and needs to have you near him, where for the present, if not altogether, it will be impossible for him to take care of the Academy; whence it follows that, if you do not step in, another must, &c., &c." Has

* Felix Mendelssohn had had an attack of cholera during the last week of his stay in Paris.

Zelter expressed this wish to you, or is it only your belief that he must have it? If the former were the case, I would immediately, after receiving your reply, write to Zelter and offer him every service in whatever way, and try to relieve him from every labor, as long as he might desire; for that of course would be my duty. I had intended also before my return to write to Lichtenstein, about the proposal made to me at that time; * but that of course is not now to be thought of, for I would on no account assume, that Zelter will not be able to enter upon his duties again, and even in that case, I would not discuss the matter with any other person but himself. Any other course would seem to me unjust towards him. But if he needs my services, then I am ready, and shall rejoice if I can be of any help to him, and still more, if he does not need it and is perfectly restored again. On this point I beg you will write me a few words.

I will now inform you of my plans and labors until my departure. Yesterday morning the *Rondo brillant* was finished; I am to play it a week from to-day publicly at Mori's evening concert; the day after I rehearse my Munich Concerto in the Philharmonic, and then I play it in their concert on Monday the 28th; on the 1st of June is Moscheles' concert; then I am to play with him a Concerto for two pianos by Mozart, and direct my two Overtures, "the Hebrides" and "The Midsummer Night's Dream." Finally on the 11th is the last Philharmonic, in which I am to conduct something. I must finish the arrangement for Cramer and some songs for the piano; also some with English words, and finally some German ones for myself, for after all it is Spring, and the lilacs in bloom. Last Monday "The Hebrides" was given for the first time in the Philharmonic; it went splendidly, and sounded strangely in the midst of various Rossini pieces. But the people received me and the piece with uncommon kindness. This evening is Mr. Vaughan's concert; but now you must be sick of nothing but concerts; so I end here!

(Conclusion next week.)

* In reference to a situation in the Sing-Akademie.

Translated for this Journal.

Living Musicians.—Charles Halle.

(From the Leipzig Signale.)

CARL HALLE was born in the year 1820 in Hagen near Barmen, where he received his first musical instruction from his father, the musical director Hallé. While very young, in the year 1836, Hallé went to Paris, where without teachers, by assiduous hearing of music and by study, he developed his talent alone.

In his twentieth year our artist married a beautiful and amiable Creole lady from New Orleans, and is now the father of nine handsome children.

Although Hallé possesses a manifest gift for composition, as several of his works published in Paris and London testify, still he seems to have been more animated by the ambition to make himself the interpreter of good piano-forte literature. How well he has succeeded, all will bear witness, who have had an opportunity to see how wonderfully well read he is in that department. Scarcely any noteworthy composition for piano alone, or with orchestral accompaniment, or any work of chamber music, has escaped him.

For many years Hallé lived in Paris, in close intimacy with Stephen Heller. He soon won a fine position for himself, and he was the first who established Trio and Quartet Soirées there, which have since been so brilliantly successful. At that time he had to contend with a public, which had little understanding of such music, but he had the courage and conviction of the genuine artist. In the midst of this honorable striving to make German Art esteemed in Paris, the Revolution of 1848 broke out. Then such a thing was no more to be thought of. Hallé went to England, where he has lived now for the last fourteen years. Here he began the same work, which he had tried in Paris. Passing six or seven months in Manchester, and the rest of the year in London, he has undertaken by his playing and his teaching to give a continually higher and nobler direction to the musical taste in England. It is difficult to conceive of such restless activity as his.

Hallé is to-day one of the most highly esteemed artists in England. There is no important concert in all England, where his aid is not sought. He travels from London to Edinburgh, from there to Glasgow, from Glasgow to Liverpool, and everywhere upon the way he gives some lessons to people, who await his arrival, ready to take possession of him.

In Manchester he directs every year 25 Concerts, which begin in November and close at the end of April. An excellent orchestra and choruses, in great part trained and formed by him, execute the masterworks of our art, Symphonies, Oratorios, &c. The solos are performed by him, or by distinguished foreign artists, engaged from London or Paris for the purpose, and splendidly remunerated. All the important artists, who visit London, also play in Hallé's concerts in Manchester.

Hallé's playing is of the most perfect that can be heard. A sound poetic conception, a mechanism, which allows him to execute his intentions perfectly, a certainty and fineness of delivery stamp him as an artist of the first magnitude. His memory is remarkable. He plays all the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Stephen Heller by heart. Ask him for any Sonata by Beethoven, and he will play it from memory without one mistake. Last year, in a cycle of concerts in London he played by heart the entire series of Beethoven's Sonatas in their chronological order. These Beethoven matinées had such brilliant success, that he will repeat them during the present season. One may estimate by this, how brilliant Hallé's outward position must be in England. For this must be said after all of the English, that they know how to reward their favorites, be they writers, painters or musicians. And none more worthy than Carl Hallé, the indefatigable representative of German Art in England. He is an eminent artist, one of the most gifted men in every way.

A Letter by an English Composer on "Schumannism."

(From the London Musical World.)

SIR,—Your reviewer having done me the honor of noticing a few of my compositions in your journal, permit me to inform that gentleman, that while he has—unwittingly, perhaps—paid a high compliment in characterizing my music as "Schumannistic," he at the same time has made a statement from which one might infer that he was in my confidence to at least the extent of my studies. I beg leave to assure

him, that "Schumann's Mannerisms" I am unacquainted with, "Schumann's music" I have never studied, "Schumann" I am ignorant of; and all I know about Schumann is, that, of the most able continental musicians, three-fourths at least esteem him as one of the greatest composers of this century; the remaining fourth, and a clique in England, entertaining those miserable narrow-minded prejudices which have stunted the genius and checked the hopes of much rising talent, they—Heaven alone knows why—condemn the man!

In justice to your reviewer, I must, however, state, that he alone has not traced in me this mysterious "Schumannism." Fourteen years ago, or ere I had even heard of Schumann, the *Athenæum*, in a review of my first publication, fancied me "a disciple of Schumann;" and early this year, the learned Professor at Oxford, Sir F. G. Ouseley, in a letter to me, noticing my recent publications, observed, "there are passages in one or two of your works which remind me of Schumann's style; and I am glad of it, for I feel sure that his music is not half appreciated in England!"

As for the rest of the critique—the objections to my "progressions," etc.—it is but the old story of "the law and the prophets." The impossible operation of raising that "theoretical tower" commenced centuries ago, but long since became a "Babel," through the confusion of hypotheses as well as tongues—the old apparitions of the peruke and horn-book. The antagonism of Richard Wagner to "the tyranny of the tones" is not without its significance. Modern tonality dates only from the sixteenth century; and though, from usage, it may appear impossible to tolerate any variation of it, there is nevertheless no reason why music should stand still, while in every other art and science there is evident progression. It is an age of activity, and genius will not be circumscribed by a line of demarcation. It must be remembered that, if the system of tunes had experienced no variation, the science would have attained to its utmost limits nearly three centuries ago. And are we wiser in our generation than the purists of 1590, who inveighed so fiercely against the prejudiced heresy of Charles Monteverde, for daring to use the "seventh," and even the "ninth," of the dominant, openly and without preparation, and employing the minor fifth as a consonance, which until then had been always used as a dissonance? Monteverde was as much in advance of his, as Wagner appears to be of this era. Yet this statement seems anomalous, when we read that Wagner's "modern doctrines" are precisely the same as those held a century back by the now idolized and unimpeachable Gluck. Without doubt, by this time I have become in your eyes a confirmed heretic, "hopelessly wandering in the wrong path." Whatever be my path, I find it more comfortable than the old miry way, with its indispensable ornamentation for the traveller of gyses, manacles, and suchlike undesirable incumbrances. In conclusion, I think I could pair with every "objectionable" progression of mine a counterpart from Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn. Your reviewer advises me to study Mozart (have done so since childhood.) This recommendation of individual models is unwholesome. I remember that, some years back, the *Musical World* put Mendelssohn forward (than whom save Spohr, there never was a greater mannerist) as a model for young musicians. The advice was taken, and from that day to the present natural instincts have been turned aside, and young composers are receiving as their reward accusations of "plagiarism," "mannerism," "Mendelssohnism," until the poor bewildered aspirants find themselves in the undelicious condition of "Doltism."

Surely, if Beethoven, or Meyerbeer, or Berlioz had succumbed to the opinions of the critics, to the scholastic paradoxes, the hypothetical subtleties, the heavy yokes of those Jeremiahs, the schoolmen of the art, we should never have got the C Minor Symphony, the Rasmowski Quartets, or the *Huguenots*, or *Robert*, nor yet the *Benvenuto Cellini* Prelude, or the *Romeo and Juliette* Symphony.

It were well, Sir, that the same plan were adopted in your journal that is employed in the musical journals of France and Germany, viz., that the reviewer would kindly submit his name with his critiques; then would your readers be enabled to estimate the opinions expressed at their real worth.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
April 22d, 1862. WM. V. BARRY, Mus. Doc.

W. W. STORY, the American sculptor, has sent to the International Exhibition two works which are spoken of in the highest praise. One figure is that of Cleopatra, and the other a Sybil. The *London Times* says that nothing has entered into the building which approaches them in originality of conception

or power of execution. Those who have seen the works in the sculptor's studio in Rome will be gratified but not surprised to hear these words of commendation. The Cleopatra, it will be remembered, is the statue so much praised by Hawthorne in "The Marble Faun."

The *Athenæum* says:

Among the new men Mr. Story, the American, bears away the honors which eleven years ago were legitimately won by Herr Kiss. This American sculptor contributes two statues, 2691, "Cleopatra Seated," and 2692, "Sibilla Libica."—Both are seated, partly draped, with the characteristic Egyptian gown, that gathers about the torso and falls freely around the limbs; the first is covered to the bosom, the second bare to the hips. Queenly Cleopatra rests back against her chair, in meditative ease, leaning her cheek against one hand, whose elbow the rail of the seat sustains; the other is outstretched upon her knee, nipping its forefinger upon the thumb thoughtfully, as though some firm willful purpose filled her brain, as it seems to set those luxurious features to a smile as if the whole woman "would." Upon her head is the coif, bearing in front the mystic uræus, or twining basilisks of sovereignty, while from its sides depend the wide Egyptian lappels, or wings, that fall upon the shoulders. The "Sibilla Libica," has crossed her knees; an action universally held among the ancients as indicative of reticence or secrecy, and of power to bind. A secret-keeping looking dame she is, in the full-blown proportions of ripe womanhood, wherein choosing to place his finger the sculptor has deftly gone between the disputed point whether these women were blooming and wise in youth, or deeply furrowed with age and burthened with the knowledge of centuries, as Virgil, Livy, and Gellius say. Good artistic example might be quoted on both sides. Her forward elbow is propped upon one knee, and to keep her secrets closer, for this Libyan woman is the closest of all the Sibyls, she rests her shut mouth upon one closed palm, as if holding the African mystery deep in the brooding brain that looks out through mournful warning eyes, seen under the wide shade of the strange horned (ammonite) crest, that bears the mystery of the Tetragrammaton upon its upturned front. Over her full bosom, mother of myriads as she was, hangs the same symbol. Her face has a Nubian cast, her hair wavy and plaited, as is meet.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan's Music to "The Tempest."

(From the *London Athenæum*, April 12.)

Last week our friend at Leipzig sent us an account of Herr Taubert's music to "The Tempest." We have now the pleasant task of recording the very remarkable and legitimate success gained at the Crystal Palace this day week by the illustrations to the same drama written by Mr. Arthur Sullivan.—It was one of those events which mark an epoch in a man's life; and what is of more universal consequence, it may mark an epoch in English music, or we shall be greatly disappointed. Years on years have elapsed since we have heard a work by so young an artist so full of promise, so full of fancy, showing so much conscientiousness, so much skill, and so few references to any model elect.

Though "The Tempest" has tempted many and many another composer, Purcell, Arne, Rolle, Mendelssohn, Halévy,—having been thus illustrated the most frequently of Shakspeare's plays, we suspect ("Romeo and Juliet" making, possibly, the exception),—it is still, we think, a difficult subject for music;—inasmuch as, in spite of the exquisite care and great cost with which it has been put on the stage in late years, is it one of those plays which we the most care to see?—When delicate *Ariel*, the invisible to all save *Prospero*, must needs be represented by a lady or a child, making painful stage flights on visible wires, much of the poetry of the dream vanishes; and, except there be such a *Caliban* as Lablache—whose conception of that character, aided by great physical adaptitude, was one of the most remarkable things ever seen on the stage, though it amounted to merely an opera-sketch), the semibreve too constantly trenches on the verge of disgust to be acceptable—since few artists can, with the needful rudeness and vigor, combine the restraint, without which such a stage-creation becomes intolerable when set before the eye. Another fact, we think, may be more clearly proved—that the limits within elemental, spiritual and

elfin music are restricted, to say the least of them. A storm in music can be hardly treated in two ways—whether by Beethoven, or Rossini, or Cherubini, or Mendelssohn. The elves of "Oberon" must have of necessity a dainty family likeness to the midsummer faries of the "Dream."—This, we think, should be borne in mind by young composers, seduced, by the exquisite poetry and fancy of the legend, to forget how real are the boundaries which it presents.—It is also more emphatically to be dwelt on, as an earnest of real and original vigor, when a young composer, with such precedents before him, can assert himself within these boundaries with anything like freshness and novelty.

This Mr. Sullivan has done, we repeat, in a remarkable degree, so as to make a real impression on a large audience miscellaneous composed—an English audience being habitually indisposed to an entertainment new in form. This music, being intended for the stage and to accompany action, was, of necessity, given with reading of a compressed text, with links of explanation—thus laying on it another disadvantage. The Storm introduction, in the first act, is excellent—gloomy, sinister, and not the old storm over again. There is something of the deep sea in it. Then come bits of melo-dramatic music, where *Miranda* is put to sleep, where *Ariel* goes forth on his mission, &c.; then *Ariel's* first song, which is picturesque, tuneable (open to an objection presently to be stated). The music of the second act is slight, but it closes to the setting of

While you here do snoring lie.

Nothing can be more quaint and elvish than this, and the treatment of the words "*Awake, awake*" completely roused the audience. The curtain tune to the third act is full of graceful melody and charm; but the feature in it is the bewilderment of the shipwrecked folks, and the "solemn and strange music" and dance with pipe and tabor, led by *Ariel* (*encored*). We might look far ere we found anything so fantastic, so seizing without vulgarity, so charmingly scored.—Act the Fourth opens with a short masque-overture, brilliant, clear and thoroughly happy in its subjects—an overture which will be welcome anywhere; then the duet between *Juno* and *Ceres* (*encored*),

Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,

which has a stateliness and a real flow of melody combined that place it above most modern duets; the glowing and bounteous poetry of the words receives no discredit from the musician. The dance of nymphs and reapers, which closes the act (*encored*), is the number in the work calculated to remind the hearer the most that Mr. Sullivan is the Mendelssohn scholar, in the quick staccato figure harmonized, which every one has been used to consider as Mendelssohn's own particular property; yet not so, since it is in Cherubini's Quartets. The movement is a capital one—brisk, clear, and with a bold and rustic *trio* full of character. Perhaps the best piece of the whole is the *Orchestral Prelude* to the fifth act, before the dissolving of *Prospero's* spell, which is grandiose, poetical, mysterious, yet not formless, and delicious in sonority. There is no musician that need have refused the signature to this symphony. Last of all came (as concerns the public) the least gracious task of all, a new setting of "Where the bee sucks" (*encored*), the charm, joyance and delicacy of which well deserved the *encore*.

So that here, if this young composer wills, there is something to look to.—There are no signs of inexperience and shortcoming in this music, save, perhaps, in an over-solicitude of instrumentation in *Ariel's* first song and in the duet. Mr. Sullivan has already obviously no common power in this branch of his art; he has the faculty of setting out gracious ideas (there is not a bar of ugly music in this work) in most becoming and ornamental framework. In brief, it is a real gratification to think that there is already such good justification of the hope on which he was sent to dy abroad. We can imagine no doubt for his ure—life and leisure permitting.

But—it must be added that, for a beginner, Mr. Sullivan had a great chance. The performance of his work was excellent. Too much praise cannot be given to Herr Manns for the admirable nerve, spirit and delicacy and the capital measurement of *tempo* which he threw into all the freaks and fantasies and brilliant passages of the music; and then his audience was precisely the one which any aspirant should pray for, containing no number of friends sufficient to carry through the work, evil or good, thick or thin, but a large semi-indifferent public, totally apart from the influence of everything save that which attracted them. The two singers were Miss Banks and Miss Robertine Henderson, both of whom did well. The text was read by Mr. Arthur Matthison; and, on the whole, read extremely well, because it was read naturally, with sufficient characterization, and not with the stage airs and vehemence too often assumed on such occasions. The day was a pleasant day altogether for those who wish well to English music.

(From the Same, April 19.)

Mr. Arthur Sullivan's 'Tempest' music was repeated on Saturday last at the Crystal Palace, with an increased effect and success, rare in second performances, which have the reputation of going off flatly. It will, probably, be given there shortly a third time; and the full score is to be published in London—a proceeding too rare here, but in the case before us thoroughly well merited. Every favorable opinion expressed of this composition a week ago was fully confirmed. It contains matter worth the attention of any musical society, which will stand any scrutiny and abide any competition. There has been no such first appearance in England in our time.

PIANOS AND THEIR ANCESTORS.—There is a private show most interesting to all musicians caring for keyed instruments now to be seen at the Pianoforte Establishment of the Broadwood family; an historical collection of boxes of music (as the Quaker called them) ranging betwixt the old Elizabethan virginal, for which Dr. John Bull wrote, and the present portentous concert grand pianoforte (the German clavichord being the only missing specimen). The virginal (which, till it be unclosed, looks much like a mediæval coffin), Mr. C. Salaman's property, is an instrument by Loosemore, of Exeter, who built the organ there—the artful and ornamental finish of which would shame many a maker of to-day. The harpsichords (Handel's included) are less richly bedecked, but the advance in tone and in peculiarity is remarkable, though nothing is more striking for those who pass from one to the other, with ears to hear, than the quaint and pleasing, and still fresh, tone with which these old creatures talk. As to matters of pitch and power of keeping in tune, those are separate questions. One of the best of these harpsichords is the one by Schudi, who originated the Broadwood house, with two decks of keys. This is overlooked by an old family piece on the wall, a picture which most will attribute to Zoffany, showing the artist-maker at his piano, and the lady with her boy at her knee—an excellent portrait group, firmly painted, and fresh to this day. Then, there is the organ-piano to be seen and heard, belonging to that semi-artist, semi-mechanician, Merlin, who had enchanting exhibitions and enchanted chairs, in which people having sat down found themselves held fast or flung away (a conjurer preceding our moderns, but who, as all conjurers must do, proceeded by unexpected knowledge of practical mechanics). To name the later varieties of pianofortes, when once the pianoforte had been established as an institution, would not be easy. Meanwhile, the collection is one rich in interest and full of curiosity and suggestion.—*Athenæum*.

From a Letter of Mozart to a Friend.

I now come to the most difficult part of your letter, which I would willingly pass over in silence, for here my pen denies me its service. Still I will try, even at the risk of being well laughed at. You say

you should like to know my way of composing, and what method I follow, in writing works of some extent. I can really say no more upon this subject than the following: for I myself know no more about it, and cannot account for it. When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer; say travelling in a carriage, or walking after a good dinner, or during the night, when I cannot sleep; it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly. *Whence and how* they come I know not, nor can I force them. Those ideas that please me I retain in memory, and am accustomed, as I have been told, to hum them to myself. If I continue in this way, it soon occurs to me how I may turn this or that morsel to account, so as to make a good dish of it, that is to say, agreeably to the rules of counter-point, to the peculiarities of the various instruments, and so forth. All this fires my soul, and provided I am not disturbed, my subject enlarges itself, becomes methodized and defined, and the whole, though it be long, stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine picture or a beautiful statue, at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts *successively*, but I hear them, as it were, all at once. I cannot tell the delight of this. All this inventing, this producing, takes place as it were in a pleasing lively dream. Still the actual hearing of the *tout ensemble* is, after all, the best. What has been thus produced I do not easily forget, and is, perhaps, the best gift I have my Divine Maker to thank for.

When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use that phrase, what has previously been collected into it in the way I have mentioned. For this reason the committing to paper is done quickly enough, for everything is, as I said before, already finished; and it rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination. At this occupation I can therefore suffer myself to be disturbed; for whatever may be going on around me, still I write, and even talk, but only of fowls and geese, or of *Gretel and Barbel*, or some such matters. But why my productions take from my hand that particular form and style which makes them *Mozartish*, and different from the works of other composers, is probably owing to the same cause which renders my nose so-or-so large, so aquiline, or, in short, makes it Mozart's, and different from those of other people. For I do really not study nor aim at any originality; I should, in fact, not be able to describe in what mine consists, though I think it quite natural that persons who have really an individual appearance of their own, are also differently organized from others, both externally and internally. At least I know that I have constituted myself neither one way nor the other.

May this suffice, and never, my best friend, never trouble me again with such subjects. I also beg you will not believe that I break off from my other reason, but because I have nothing further to say on the point. To others I should not have answered, but have thought: *Mutschi, buschi, quille. Etche molape neuing!* *

* What language this is, or what it means, I am not in the least able to tell.—Translator.

LA FONTAINE AS A LIBRETTIST.—"Many curious stories are told of La Fontaine's want of success as a librettist; Lulli refused three of his operas, one after the other, *Daphne, Astrée* and *Acis et Galathee*—the *Acis et Galathee* set to music by Lulli being the work of Campistron. At the first representation of *Astrée*, of which the music had been written by Colasse, (a composer who imitated and often plagiarized from Lulli,) La Fontaine was present in a box behind some ladies who did not know him. He kept exclaiming every moment, 'detestable! detestable!' Tired of hearing the same thing repeated so many times, the ladies at last turned round and said 'It is really not so bad. The author is a man of considerable wit; it is written by M. de La Fontaine.'—*Cela ne vaut pas le diable*, replied the librettist; and this La Fontaine, of whom you speak is an ass. I am La Fontaine, and ought to know." After the first act he left the theatre and went into the Café Marion where he fell asleep. One of his friends came in, and surprised to see him, said, 'M. de La Fontaine! How is this? Ought you not to be at the performance of your opera?' The author awoke, and said with a yawn, 'I've been; and the first act was so dull that I had not the courage to wait for the other. I admire the patience of these Parisians!'"

A New York correspondent of a Leipzig paper writes: "The sisters MARCHISIO are engaged for Opera here for eight months, beginning with September next, at a salary of \$6,000 a month."

Music Abroad.

London.

The *Musical World*, of May 17, comments upon the prospects of the season thus:

The prospect for the Musical Season for 1862, which at one time looked so bright and cheering, have not, up to the present moment, realized expectation; nor does the Great International Exhibition seem to have filled the metropolis with such swarms of visitors from all parts of the globe as was confidently anticipated. London is full, but not crowded; and we have seen Rotten Row, in many former years, during the middle of May, thronged far more densely by equestrians fair and foul. In fact, people are beginning to entertain a remote suspicion that we shall have barely an average season after all, whereby grievous disappointment will be engendered in the minds of Her Majesty's lieges. Why speculate as to the cause? Let us look to facts, and facts that merely concern ourselves. Music has certainly not a very promising aspect. At the Italian Operas the attendance has been only decidedly "great," up to this time, at the Royal Italian Opera, on the occasion of the first performance for the season of the *Barbire*, the first performance of *Don Giovanni*, and, indeed, the nights on which Mlle. Patti has appeared. These, doubtless, would attract under any circumstances, and in the duldest season, more especially if recommended by the reigning favorite of the day, for such Miss Adelina Patti is—Adelina-Rosina-Zerlina Patti, as she might truly be denominated. Some insist that the season has not commenced yet, and that the people have put off coming to town until the Exhibition is in a fit state to be seen. We fear this will be no speedy consummation, and consequently are inclined to believe that the season, for many musical purposes, will not come up to the highest expectation.

That, however, it will make little difference to Jenny Lind and her Charity Concerts, we may infer, not merely from the crowded appearance of Exeter Hall on Wednesday evening when her first concert was given, but from the manner in which she was received. Not when in the height of her reputation and the zenith of her powers did the Swedish *cantatrice* exercise a more potent influence over the public than she does now. She has but to sound the tocsin or beat the drum for her appearance, and a vast concourse, which no other living individual could bring together, answers to the summons.—Whether she appeals boldly in the cause of benevolence, or meekly for herself; whether she sings in some lordly music hall or humble concert room; whether she appears in town, city, or burgh; in sacred oratorio or profane entertainment, the world bows its head, submits to the noose, and allows itself to be dragged along by the reputed spells of her enchantments. The world is a faithful world—by which we mean a world full of faith. It believes all it hears, believes it well and believes it long, and takes no note of time in its calculations. What Mad. Lind-Goldschmidt has been in her "nightingale" days it is physically impossible she could be now. The fire still burns within—the soul still shines through all; but the voice no longer answers to the tremendous (!) memories of the past, and mortal nature falters in her latest efforts. But Faith is brighter than Hope, and will not be disappointed. Its apostles are blind to faults and deaf to error. Mad. Lind-Goldschmidt has but to open her lips, and transport seizes on them. Her first notes are the "hallelujahs" within the gates of Paradise that invite them to bliss. To such, poor human criticism must be fallacious, if not sacrilegious. Let us respect their hallucinations, and not disturb them in their dreams. They may, however, console themselves with the fact that Mad. Lind-Goldschmidt is still the most remarkable vocal artist before the public.

Upon concerts in general the Exhibition seems to have had a depressing influence, their numbers being far less numerous than last season up to the same period. One would have thought that, in anticipation of the crowds expected to flock to London on this special occasion, musical entertainments of every kind would be provided by speculators and *beneficaires*, and that every afternoon and evening would present its *matinée* or its *soirée* at the Hanover Rooms, St. James's Hall, Willis's Rooms, Collards' Rooms, Exeter Hall, or private residences. This is not the case; and although we have concerts and to spare, morning and night, their numbers do not approach, much less exceed, those of the past year. No doubt, as the season advances they may increase; but as yet the musical year, in this respect, is an ordinary one, for which we are thankful, as Benefit Concerts

EIGHTH SET.

69

No. 30.

Op. 50, No. 1.

Vivace.

The musical score is written for piano and bass. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Vivace'. The score is divided into seven systems, each with a piano (right) and bass (left) staff. The first system includes a forte ('f') dynamic marking and a 'Ped.' (pedal) instruction. The second system also includes a 'Ped.' instruction. The third system includes a piano ('p') dynamic marking. The fourth system includes a forte ('f') dynamic marking and a 'Ped.' instruction. The fifth system includes a piano ('p') dynamic marking and a 'Ped.' instruction. The sixth system includes a 'Ped.' instruction. The seventh system includes a piano ('p') dynamic marking. Asterisks (*) are placed at the end of the first, second, fourth, fifth, and sixth systems. The score concludes with a final cadence in the seventh system.

The musical score is arranged in seven systems, each with a piano (treble) and bass (bass) staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The notation includes various musical symbols such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.

- System 1:** The piano staff begins with a series of chords and eighth notes. The bass staff features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.
- System 2:** The piano staff includes a trill marked with an 'X' and a 'Ten.' (Tenero) marking. The bass staff continues with eighth notes.
- System 3:** The piano staff has a melodic line with slurs. The bass staff includes a 'Ped.' (Pedal) marking and a '*' symbol.
- System 4:** The piano staff features a series of chords. The bass staff includes a 'Ped.' marking and a '*' symbol.
- System 5:** The piano staff has a melodic line with slurs. The bass staff includes a 'Ped.' marking and a '*' symbol.
- System 6:** The piano staff begins with a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking. The bass staff continues with eighth notes.
- System 7:** The piano staff features a series of chords. The bass staff includes a 'Ped.' marking and a '*' symbol.

First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes with some triplets. Pedal markings (Ped.) and asterisks (*) are present in the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns. A 'Ten.' (Tension) marking is above the treble staff in measure 6. Pedal markings and asterisks are in the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. The music features several triplet markings (3) over groups of notes. Pedal markings and asterisks are in the bass staff.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. The music concludes with a 'Fine.' marking at the end of the piece. Pedal markings and asterisks are in the bass staff.

No. 31.
Op. 50. No. 2.

Moderato.
Mezzo vac.

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 1-4. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb). The tempo is 'Moderato' and the character is 'Mezzo vac.'. The music is in 3/4 time and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass.

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 5-8. The music continues with the same accompaniment pattern. Pedal markings and asterisks are in the bass staff.

Seventh system of musical notation, measures 9-12. The music concludes with a 'Fine.' marking. Pedal markings and asterisks are in the bass staff.



—unless two or three, like Mr. Benedict's and Mr. Howard Glover's, which are conducted on an unusually liberal scale—are not, generally speaking, entertainments of the most tempting kind. Nor have as many *virtuosi* as was reckoned upon been tempted to visit London. We did indeed think that the Exhibition would attract to England all the celebrated and would-be celebrated pianists, violinists, and other instrumentalists of the Continent, and are most agreeably disappointed to find that few have honored us with their presence. Those who have—of whom we may specify M. Henri Herz, of world-wide renown, who is now amongst us, and M. Thalberg, equally celebrated, who is daily expected—are among the most distinguished of the day, whom we are bound to receive with cordiality and favor. We trust we shall have to change our opinion, but up to the present moment, in a musical point of view, the year of the Great Exhibition is singularly disappointing. We have one good hope—the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace.

MME. LIND GOLDSCHMIDT'S CONCERTS.—That the attraction of her name had in no degree diminished was proved by the enormous audience that filled Exeter Hall on Wednesday night, at the first of three concerts which have for some time been announced, when Handel's *Messiah* was performed by a first-class chorus and orchestra, and first-class principal singers, under the direction of Herr Otto Goldschmidt. Mad. Goldschmidt's execution of the soprano music in this incomparable oratorio is even more studied and elaborately finished than before. Every word in the recitative is emphasized and dwelt upon as if it had a peculiar significance; but in the midst of all this careful enunciation flashes of genius light up the text, and, as of inspiration, reveal a hidden meaning which no common reading could possibly impart. Of the airs the least effective, because the most apparently labored, was, "How beautiful are the feet," a more flowing and unstrained delivery of which would certainly be in stricter consonance with its purely unaffected character. "Come unto him" (the second verse of "He shall feed His flock") was, so to say, preached rather than sung; but the preaching was most eloquent, and the expression given to the sentence, "He is meek and lowly of heart, and you shall find rest unto your souls," little short of divine, in spite of one or two slight divergences from the text of Handel, which might have exposed a singer of less distinguished eminence to criticism. "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion," was a superb display of *bravura* singing, not quite so pure as we used to be accustomed to from Mad. Clara Novello, but on the other hand, far more graphic and inspiring. Best of all, perhaps, was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which had the advantage of not being "dragged," as is too often the case, and which (in spite of a "variation" or two) was profoundly impressive from one end to the other. Here, again, the sentence, "For now is Christ risen from the dead"—delivered as we believe no other singer ever has delivered or ever could deliver it—was an inspiration in the truest sense. The last air, "If God be with us, who can be against us?" has always been a favorite with the Swedish lady, although by the majority of singers—in consequence of its appearing so late in the oratorio—usually omitted. The reception awarded to Mad. Goldschmidt, like the applause bestowed upon everything she sang—and most especially upon "Come unto Him," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth"—was enthusiastic in the extreme.

Associated with Mad. Goldschmidt as "principals" were Miss Palmer, Signor Belletti, and Mr. Sims Reeves, who, as might have been expected on such an occasion, took unusual pains. Miss Palmer, in "He was despised," and Signor Belletti in "Why do the nations?" received (and deserved) marked tokens of approval. Mr. Sims Reeves has never sung more finely. The beauties of "Comfort ye, my people" and "Every valley" were comparatively lost to the major part of the audience, through the incessant disturbance caused by the "late arrivals;" but the sublime recitatives and airs of the "Passion" (the whole, in accordance with the composer's design, intrusted to the tenor voice) were heard with uninterrupted attention; and the impression was such as can only be created by Handel's most perfect music delivered to perfection, without a note changed or an "ornament," however simple, introduced. To those who best appreciate Handel such singing must ever most strictly represent the ideal Handelian standard. The choruses were generally well given, if not uniformly so well as at the concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The band was excellent; and Herr Otto Goldschmidt, not for the first time, showed thorough aptitude as a conductor. During the magnificent "Hallelujah" the whole audience remained standing.

The profits of this concert are most generously allotted by M. and Mad. Goldschmidt to the institutions in Hinde-street and elsewhere for the relief of the London needlewomen. Those of the next (on the 28th inst., when Haydn's *Creation* is to be performed) will be handed to the Brompton Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest; those of the third, and last of the present series (on the 4th of June, the oratorio being Mendelssohn's *Elijah*), are destined for the Royal Society of Female Musicians—two admirable institutions, which, by the way, should long since have united their fortunes under one general title, their objects, though diversely represented, being identical.—*Times*.

NEW PHILHARMONIC.—The following was the programme of the third Concert:

Overture ("Lodolska")	Cherubini
Aria, "Mon ml dir" ("Don Giovanni")	Mozart
Concerto, pianoforte, in E flat	Beethoven
Song, ("Der Freischütz")	Weber
Symphony, "The Power of Sound"	Spohr
Concerto, violin, E minor	Mendelssohn
Scena, "Casta diva" ("Norma")	Belletti
Overture, ("Masaniello")	Auber

Alfred Jaell played the piano Concerto; Joachim the violin Concerto; Mlle. Titiens was the vocalist; and the orchestral performances under Dr. Wylde, are praised in the highest. That must have been a concert! Notwithstanding Jenny Lind's concert in the Strand, St. James's Hall was filled in every part.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*Il Barbiere* was given May 10. The prominent features of the "cast" on this occasion were the Almaviva and Rosina of Sig. Mario and Mlle. Adelina Patti—the most experienced tenor and the most unpractised soprano, the oldest and the youngest, indeed, in their respective departments, on the Italian boards. They were thoroughly well matched. If, while rivaling her accomplished partner in the grace, the brilliancy, and life-like naturalness of her acting—for we can remember no more finished delineation of the sprightly Spanish ward than hers—Mlle. Patti would also strive to follow his example in adhering a little more closely to the musical text, her Rosina would be absolute perfection. But it is vain to hope for this. Mlle. Patti may cite the most illustrious of her predecessors, from Malibran and Persiani to the much regretted Angelina Bosio (including Viardot, Gassier, Carvalho, &c., all in short, except Grisi and Albani), as warrants for the liberties in which she herself indulges. "Una voce poco fa," and "Dunque io son"—the most genial of cavatinas, and the most spirited of comic duos—seem destined to be perpetually used as themes for the exhibition of the singer's skill in the art of embroidery. True, the part of Rosina was originally intended for a contralto; and this in a great measure exonerates sopranos like Bosio or Mlle. Patti, who can hardly be expected to sacrifice their chances of applause in favor of what would at the best be a correct and ineffective reading. The secret, nevertheless, is how to reconcile these elaborately contrived "floriture," which are the rhetoric of florid song, with the real character of the music thus embellished—the flowing melody of Rossini with all this glittering display of ornament. Once hit upon that secret and objection would be dumb. Excellent in every other respect as was the Rosina of Mlle. Patti last season, it has ripened into a still more admirable performance. Every stage of its progress offers some delicate point, some piquant and original trait. Her scenes with Bartolo, Figaro, and Almaviva have each a distinctive character, each a charm alike peculiar and natural. She can mock and torment the first with just as lively a grace as she can scheme with the second and make love with the last. In short, her impersonation is as finished and artistic as it is thoroughly engaging. Sig. Mario was evidently inspired by his Rosina. He has never played the Count more to the life, never with more vivacity and well-sustained dramatic truth. His delineation was, indeed, a masterpiece from end to end. It was, moreover, one of his rare singing nights, when everything goes well. The serenade in the first scene ("Ecco ridente") at once showed what a vocal treat the audience had to anticipate, and the second serenade, "Io son Lindoro," was just as good; while the duet with Figaro ("All' idea di quel metallo") and the trio with Rosina and the Barber, terminating with "Zitti Zitti," were neither more nor less than incomparable. Almaviva's pretended inebriety in the grand finale to the first act was (as it seldom fails to be in the hands of Sig. Mario) an exemplification of high-class comedy—humorous, racy, refined, and without a taint of exaggeration.

Sig. Delle Sedie, though in the truest sense an artist, is not well suited to the part of Figaro. We were continually reminded of Renato (*Un Ballo in*

Maschera); and when, in the famous duet of the first act, Figaro recommends Almaviva to simulate drunkenness on entering the domicile of Bartolo, one might imagine that a conspiracy against the life of Rosina's guardian was on the carpet, instead of the promotion of a love-match with his ward. What little we could catch of "Largo al factotum" was fluently and glibly sung (for that Signor Delle Sedie is a practised adept in the vocal art does not admit of a question); but either Mr. Costa, in deference to the absent and inimitable Ronconi, forbore to subdue the orchestra, or Signor Delle Sedie had not voice enough to make head against so formidable a band of instrumentalists. Many passages were almost inaudible. Of the purely comic humor indispensable to an effective portraiture of the mercurial, unscrupulous, and ready-witted Barber, there was scarcely a vestige. Signor Ciampi's Dr. Bartolo was as careful and as elaborately dry as ever, and M. Tagliafico's Basilio (with a pompous reading of "La Calunnia") as fantastic and diverting. Of this last it cannot fairly be reported, as of the majority of Basilius for a quarter of a century past, that it was "*castor et præterea nihil*." Mad. Tagliafico was the Bertha.

On Monday, *Don Giovanni* was given. The only novelty in the cast was Sig. Ciampi's Masetto. To compare Sig. Ciampi with Ronconi would be unfair; for the latter is, as all the world knows, a man of genius, and one of the most versatile actors in Europe. Sig. Ciampi, however, was much applauded in the little air "Ho capito," which is too generally omitted. Mlle. Patti, who has established herself in the graces of the English public, carried off the honors of the evening. Her reception was enthusiastic; not only each of her solos, but the duet with M. Faure, was encored, while a large portion of the enormous audience manifested an inclination to hear "Vedrai Carino" a third time. Although Mlle. Patti would do well to refrain from interpolating a single note in the music of *Don Giovanni*, it seems hypercritical to object to the harmless cadence in "Batti, batti." Her singing throughout the opera was literally perfect. Her "La ci darem" was a little drama in itself, with such vivid intensity were the conflicting impulses of the rustic beauty expressed. "If," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "to follow up the poetical fancy of some German critic, *Don Giovanni* is intended to typify the restless search for abstract beauty in its highest development of an enthusiast for art, Mlle. Patti's Zerlina may be taken as a type of woman's nature, ever engaged in some hopeless attempt to reconcile duty with delight. Never, we imagine, has the struggle between the village maiden's passive affection for her boorish bridegroom and the coquette's admiration for the gallant suitor who has fascinated her with his easy and condescending grace, been so truthfully or so charmingly portrayed. Indeed, we doubt if any impersonation so exquisitely fresh, spontaneous, and natural as Mlle. Patti's Zerlina, has ever been witnessed on the operatic stage; and it is in this characteristic, quite irrespectively of the lady's bright voice and faultless singing, that lies the secret of its infinite charm." Mlle. Csillag's singing gives importance to every phrase in the music of Elvira. It was not merely in "Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata," that her vocal capability was conspicuous, but in all the concerted music, and notably in the trio "Proteggila il giusto ciel." Donna Anna is well adapted for Mad. Penco. In no character is her admirable style of singing of more essential service. M. Faure, although he does not altogether realize our ideal of that "ever fresh, young, loved, and delicate wooer," the all-conquering hero of the work, personates Don Giovanni with skill, intelligence, and dignity, and sings with perfect accuracy. Sig. Tamberlik's "Il mio tesoro" has gained for him lasting fame as well as the mere compliment of a nightly encore. Herr Formes' sonorous voice gave emphasis to all the important music allotted to Leporello, from the opening "Notto e giorno faticar" to the supper scene, in which the German basso's acting is as powerful as it is original. Sig. Tagliafico's metallic tones are as well adapted as ever to the ghostly declamation of the Commendatore; and both chorus and orchestra—if we except the wind band which performs upon the stage in the fête scene—were as irreproachable as usual. The *mise-en-scène* is superfluous to praise, seeing that the Royal Italian Opera is the subject of our remarks.

On Tuesday *Un Ballo in Maschera* was repeated, and on Thursday the *Barbiere in Siviglia*. On each occasion the house was brilliantly attended. Tonight *Rigoletto*, for the first time.—*Ibid*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE opened April 26 with Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*. The principal parts were represented by Mlle. Tietjens and Sig. Giuglini, as last year. The new barytone, Sig. Giraldoni, is

said to have a voice rather powerful than clear and musical, and a style more expressive than finished. Mlle. Dario, a new engagement, was the page Oscar Sig. Arditi is the conductor.

This was repeated, and followed by the sisters Marchisio, in *Semiramide*, of which performance the *Athenæum* (May 1) says:

Among all Signor Rossini's Italian operas there is none which bears incomplete execution worse than *Semiramide*. The story is grave and heavy, with long spaces entirely devoid of situation and filled with music however richly florid and full of noble ideas somewhat long-drawn, unless it be carried through by the most brilliant and grand vocal execution. Further, the few situations which the story does contain demand actors capable of the highest regal tragedy—pompous, impassioned and stately, if not beautiful. Nothing of the kind is to be found in the present cast of the Babylonian opera at Her Majesty's Theatre. Ere the sisters Marchisio came to England,—when we saw them on the Parisian stage, and, again, when they presented themselves in the concert orchestra here early in the year, we expressed a judgment on their natural means, dramatic powers and vocal accomplishments, which the experiment made on May-day only confirmed. They have not first-class voices—that of Signora Barbara, the *contralto*, being the better one of the two. Their execution, though apparently dashing, is not complete. They do not act at all. What is more, both voices were out of tune, often during the evening apparently worn (and who can wonder?) by the hard work which “a tour,” involving perpetual change of place imposes on foreign artists not inured to such nomadic habits. M. Gussier, again, the *Assur*, though steady, painstaking, and commanding a fair amount of volubility, can only be numbered among second-rate singers. Signor Laterza, the *Oroe* (of whose Southern reputation our Neapolitan Correspondent has, from time to time, apprised us), has come to England too late in the day, there being nothing in his style to atone for the worn state of his voice. Signor Gualtiero Bolton, the *Idreno*, was steadily too flat. The ladies were cordially received and enthusiastically applauded; but the performance was not a performance “up to the mark” of *Semiramide*.—On Tuesday, *Lucretia Borgia* was given, with Mlle. Tietjens as heroine, and to introduce, in *Orsini*, Mlle. Trebelli.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The fourth concert on Monday night was even more remarkable for two public demonstrations that took place among the ordinary quiet audience than for the performance, admirable, in almost every respect, as that was. In the first instance, Dr. Sterndale Bennett received such an “ovation” on his first appearance in the orchestra as he will certainly never forget as long as he lives. Dr. Bennett has received the heartiest sympathy from every unbiassed, right-thinking musician in England to console him for the persecution to which he has been subjected, and his cause has been warmly defended by the press; but all the good will of strangers will not be valued by him so highly as such a demonstration of respect and sympathy as greeted him on Monday night. The audience were in the humor for applause; and after Mlle. Tietjens's fine performance of “*Va dit elle*,” from *Robert le Diable*, the composer of that masterpiece, who was hidden in the gallery of the room, was summoned forward to receive the spontaneous tribute to his genius. The programme was as subjoined:—

PART I.

Sinfonia, in A minor.....Gade
Aria, Mlle. Tietjens.....Meyerbeer
Adagio and Fugue in D.....Mozart
Aria, “*Voi che sapete*,” Mlle. Tietjens.....Mozart
Concerto, in E minor, pianoforte, Herr Pauer.....Hummel

PART II.

Sinfonia, in C, No. 1.....Beethoven
Recit. and Aria, “*Non mi dir*,” Mlle. Tietjens.....Mozart
Concerto, Violin, Mr. Cooper.....Mendelssohn
Overture (*Der Freischütz*), Herr Pauer.....Weber
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

The symphony of Gade, dry and monotonous, though clever, was not well received. Mozart's vigorous *adagio* and fugue was quite another affair. Herr Pauer, too, by his masterly execution of Hummel's rarely heard concerto, kept up the interest of the concert, and revived the spirits of the audience. Of the symphony and overture in the second part, what need be said? Mr. Cooper played Mendelssohn's well-known concerto superbly, and was immensely applauded. Mlle. Tietjens sang all three pieces in her best manner (notwithstanding the ill-advised and un-Mozartean cadenza at the end of “*Voi che sapete*”), and was received with high favor.—*Mus. World*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 14, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Chopin's Mazurkas.

Review of the Season.

Our concerts, having succeeded each other in a pretty continuous stream since the month of November, have now come fairly to an end. Let us, then, after our annual custom, look back over the ground and see how much has been done. The times have certainly not been auspicious. It could scarcely be expected, during a year of such tremendous changes and anxieties, during a gigantic civil war in which the very existence of our free institutions was at stake, that there would be much time, much money, much disposition for musical entertainments. And if it were not that there has really grown up a considerably large class of people, to whom Music is much more than mere entertainment or amusement, we should probably have had but little of it, except in the lower forms which do simply cater to amusement—amusement which is always necessary even in the most trying times, when the trial is protracted. With these forms of musical entertainment, hardly rising to the dignity of Art, the present discussion has nothing to do, farther than to simply suggest, that cheerful recreation, self-recovery, joy, amusement are found indispensable to the health of heart and mind and body, more than ever when great serious interests and duties occupy us with an intensity that threatens all the time to reach the fever pitch, but for such free and genial reaction. And so it has actually been found, that theatres, operas, concerts, spectacles, have done almost as good a business as usual, since the first spasmodic alarm, the first bewildered sense of want of preparation at the beginning of the struggle, at length yielded to a confidence in united measures, to a calm acceptance of war as the every-day condition, in which we must contrive to live and be ourselves, as well as in times of peace.

But Music as an Art, in Boston, and New York, and Philadelphia, has received almost the same attention, during the past six months, that it has done in the best musical seasons of preceding years. Our excellent correspondent, last week, summed up for us the season in New York. We propose briefly now to show the account of Boston.

I. ORCHESTRAL MUSIC. We have had seven “Philharmonic Concerts,” for which we were indebted to the enterprise of Mr. CARL ZERRAHN; sixteen Afternoon Concerts, of the “Orchestral Union;” and four “Social Orchestral Entertainments,” besides one more public concert for a patriotic purpose, by the “Boston Mozart Club” (of amateurs). In all, twenty-eight Symphony concerts. Mr. Zerrahn has been the conductor in all of them. The orchestra has necessarily been small, though scarcely smaller than during several past years. Forty instruments has been the complement of the Philharmonic band;—too weak in quantity of strings for the full effect of a Beethoven Symphony, but yet so fair in quality as to recall those works to us with no small edification. The Afternoon Orchestra has been somewhat smaller, outlining as it were the Symphonies and great Overtures, while a part of its plan was

to give a sufficiency of light sparkling music, Strauss waltzes, operatic potpourris, &c., for the gratification of the young and the half-musical.

The Symphonies performed in all these concerts count up as follows:

BEETHOVEN: Symphonies No. 1, in C (twice); No. 2, in D; No. 4, B flat; No. 5, C minor, (twice); No. 6, in F, *Pastorale*, (three times); No. 7, in A, (twice); No. 8, in F. So we have heard all of the immortal Nine this winter, except the *Eroica* and the ninth, the “Choral,” which would have been timely and inspiring in the present state and temper of the country; but they will sound still grander, after our free Republic has come out fully victorious over the viper it has cherished in its bosom.

MOZART: Symphony in C (“Jupiter”); in G minor; in D (twice); in E flat; and No. 9, in (?).

HAYDN: No. 6 (“Surprise”); No. 7, in D; and one other, of which we have lost record.

MENDELSSOHN: “Scotch” Symphony, No. 3; “Italian” do, No. 4, (twice). To which may be added the introductory Symphony to the “Hymn of Praise,” performed in an oratorio concert.

LISZT: The only departure from the familiar round of classical Symphonies has been the revival, after the first taste of it five years ago, of one of this would-be innovators “Symphonic Poems,” so called; namely the one entitled “*Les Preludes*,” which has been given three times.

2. Of Overtures we have had the following (not counting others which have occurred outside of the three series of concerts above named):

BEETHOVEN: Overture to “The Men of Prometheus;” “Egmont” (twice); “Leonore,” No. 3, (twice); “Fidelio,” in E.

MOZART: “Clemenza di Tito;” “Don Giovanni” (twice); “Nozze di Figaro;” “Zauberflöte.”

WEBER: “Jubilee;” “Oberon” (twice); “Freyschütz” (twice).

MENDELSSOHN: “Midsummer Night's Dream” (twice); “Ruy Blas” (twice); “Meeresstille,” &c.

ROSSINI: “Siege of Corinth;” “Italian in Algiers;” “William Tell;” “Semiramide” (twice).

SPOHR: “Jessonda;” “Faust.”

SCHUMANN: “Manfred” Overture.

AUBER: “Le Serment;” “Zanetta;” “Fra Diavolo.”

WAGNER: “Tannhäuser;” “A Faust Overture.”

“To which add: Overtures to “Uriel Acosta” (Schindelmeisser); “Dame Blanche” (Boieldieu); Concert Overture in F (Kalliwoda); “Merry Wives of Windsor” (Nicolai); “A Night in Grenada” (Kreutzer); “Alessandro Stradella” (Flotow); “Yelva” (Reissiger).

The list is certainly not so rich or choice as it might easily have been. It contains not a single one of Cherubini's Overtures; nor Gluck's to *Iphigenia in Aulis*; nor Mendelssohn's “Hebrides” and “Melusina;” nor Beethoven's *Coriolan*, not to name others, which deserve to be kept fresh in the thoughts of music-lovers. All these will be as good as new, and better too, for another season.

3. Of Concertos with orchestra we have had but little to speak of. Mr. Eichberg has played Beethoven's wonderful violin Concerto once; and once a clever composition in that form of his own. Mr. Schultze has played a by no means

classical *Concerto Militaire* by Alard. Not a single Concerto for the piano-forte, not even the familiar Mendelssohn in G minor, have we had. But Liszt's orchestral arrangement of Schubert's *Fantasia* in C, op. 15, (the piano part played by William Mason), and a *Capriccio* by Mendelssohn, in B, (played by Miss Mary Fay), are works of sufficient importance to be mentioned under this head.

II. CLASSICAL CHAMBER MUSIC. 1. First under this head come the Quartets, Quintets, &c., of the eight concerts of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, which we have once before summed up as follows: of BEETHOVEN they have given us for the first time, and twice, the great Quartet in B flat, op. 130; also the 10th Quartet, in E flat; the No. 3 of op. 18, (in D); No. 1 of op. 18; the first Quintet, in E flat, op. 4; and the Quintet arranged from the Piano Trio.—Of MOZART: the first Quintet, in C minor; and the 6th Quartet, in C.—Of HAYDN: the Quartet, in Bb, No. 78, only.—Of MENDELSSOHN: the C minor Piano Trio; Quartet in E flat, op. 44; Variations for piano and cello, op. 17; Andante and Scherzo from posthumous Quartet in E; Sonata, piano and cello, in D.—Of SCHUBERT: the Quintet in C with two cellos.—Of GADE: Quintet in E minor, op. 8.—Of WEBER: Quintet with clarinet, op. 24.—Of HUMMEL: Piano Trio in E, op. 83.—Of ONSLOW: 14th Quintet in F, (with contra-basso)—Of SPOHR: Sextet in C [twice]—Of SCHUMANN—not a note [English critics, who judge our Club by its name, can consider him as "paired off" with so many more works of Mendelssohn that might have been performed]. On the whole, a pretty good winter's work, and something to have lived to hear.

2. The four Soirées given by Messrs. KREISSMANN, LEONHARD and EICHBERG, offered very choice selections, both instrumental and vocal. Instrumentally the following composers were represented:

BEETHOVEN: Sonata, op. 30. No. 1, for violin and piano; Sonata, op. 47, ("Kreutzer"), ditto [twice]; Sonata, op. 69, for cello and piano; *Allegretto* and *Allegretto ma non troppo* from Trio, op. 70.

SCHUMANN: Andante and Variations, op. 47, for two pianos [played by Dresel and Leonhard].

SCHUBERT: Tarantella for violin; Trio in B flat, op. 99; two *Marches Characteristiques*, op. 121, for piano four-hands [Dresel and Leonhard].

BACH: Sonata in B minor, violin and piano [Eichberg and Leonhard]; *Siciliano*, ditto, in G minor; *Chaconne* for violin [Eichberg].

CHOPIN: *Andante spianato*, op. 22, and *Polonaise*, op. 53 [Leonhard]; *Bullade*, op. 47 [do].

HAYDN: Trio in G major.

MOZART: Theme and variations from Sonata No. 14, in F major, for violin and piano.

SPOHR: Adagio for violin.

MENDELSSOHN: Andante from Violin Concerto.

A. SARAN: Polonaise [four hands] op. 3.

The vocal contributions were by Mr. Kreissmann, and every song was something poetic and out of the common, from the following authors, the last named of whom, strange to say, is better known in Boston than in most musical cities in Germany:

SCHUBERT; Songs: "Aufenthalt;" "Die Post;" "Der Erlkönig."

SCHUMANN: "Dichterliebe," a cycle of five songs, op. 48; "Der Nussbaum;" "Mondnacht;" "Widmung."

BEETHOVEN: three of the Scotch Songs; *Liederkreis*: "An die ferne Geliebte."

ROBERT FRANZ; Songs: "Frühlingsgedränge;" "Für Musik;" "Waldfahrt;" "Erinnerung;" "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai;" "Willkommen im Wald;" "Und wüsstest's die Blumen;" "Parting;" "Er ist gekommen." Several piano transcriptions of Franz songs, by Liszt, were also played.

3. In immediate sequence with these choice things, we wish that memory or programme served us for a list of the fine piano-forte works, so artistically interpreted in the four somewhat private subscription concerts of Mr. OTTO DRESEL. As it is, we will merely name the authors from whom he gave us copious selections. They were Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin [most of all, and the most welcome to the most], Ferdinand Hiller, Taubert, Liszt and Thalberg [once or twice], and Dresel.

4. Miss MARY FAY has given four Soirées, with the assistance of Messrs. F. and H. SUCK, and WULF FRIES, first and second violin and cello, and Mr. B. J. LANG, pianist. The following works were given:

BEETHOVEN: Trio, op. 1, in E flat; Sonata [piano and violin], op. 12, in E flat.

S. HELLER and ERNST: *Pensées Fugitives* [piano and violin].

FERD. HILLER: *Bolero*.

MENDELSSOHN: Violin Concerto [H. Suck].

MOZART: Quartet in G minor; Sonata [piano and violin], in E flat major.

SCHUMANN: Three Romanzas, op. 94, (piano and violin); Sonata, op. 105, in A minor, [piano and violin [twice]; Quartet [strings].

CHOPIN: *Polonaise*, op. 53, in A flat [twice]; *Polonaise* in E flat; Prelude.

SPOHR: *Scena Cantante* [violin Concerto]; *Duo Concertante* for two violins, op. 39.

THALBERG: *Fantasia on Norma* [two pianos]. Haydn: Trio in A, No. 7.

BACH: Adagio and Fugue for violin [F. Suck].

SCHUBERT: Trio in E flat, op. 100.

HANDEL: Air and Variations.

III. ORGAN MUSIC. For what little we have had, save various "openings" and trials of new organs, we have been indebted to Mr. JOHN K. PAINE, who in a couple of Organ Concerts at the Tremont Temple, has given us a fine opportunity to hear some genuine Organ compositions; namely:

SEBASTIAN BACH: Prelude and Fugue in A minor; Choral Variations for two manuals and double pedals [twice]; Trio Sonata in E flat; Toccata in F [twice]; Prelude and Fugue in G; Trio Sonata in G (first movement); Choral Variation: "By the waters of Babylon"; Fantasia and Fugue in G minor.

MENDELSSOHN: Andante and Allegretto from an Organ Sonata.

L. THIELE: Grand Concert piece in G minor. Also Concert Variations, in contrapuntal style, on "Old Hundred," the "Austrian Hymn," and the "Star-spangled Banner" by the organist himself.

Such, essentially, has been the supply of instrumental music in our city during the past season. We have yet to sum up the vocal music in like manner.

Complimentary Concert.

The Concert complimentary to Mr. THOMAS RYAN, given by his brothers of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, took place on Tuesday evening, as announced, in what may be called "Boston over the border," namely at Institute Hall in Roxbury. The fine June evening outside competed rather too powerfully with even such indoor attractions. Still the spacious hall was more than half filled, and with a good class of listeners. The music consisted of pieces for eight or nine instruments of instrumental and of vocal solos, as follows:

PART I.

1. Overture to *Stradella*. Flötow
2. Page Song from the *Huguenots*. Meyerbeer
3. "A Dream," *Fantasia* for Clarinet. Baermann
4. "Echos des Alpes," *Romanza* for Violoncello. Alard
5. Andante and Finale, from the *Grand Oetel* in F. Franz Schubert

For two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Bass, Clarinette, Horn, Bassoon.

PART II.

6. Scotch Ballad, "The Golden Ring". Linley
7. *Fantasia* for Flute, on *Macbeth*. Briccialdi
8. *Grand Fantasia Militaire*, for Violin. Leonhard
9. Scene and Air, "Bel Raggio," from *Semiramide*. Roschi
10. Minuetto and Finale, from the *Nonetto*. Louis Spohr

For Violin, Viola, Cello, Bass, Flute, Oboe, Clarinette, Horn, Bassoon.

The most interesting number was the two movements from Schubert's *Oetel* (the original work contains six), which are exceedingly rich in sound, and full of the wild poetic fire of that remarkable composer. They were finely rendered, Mr. NITZ and Mr. HAMANN supplying the bassoon and double-bass parts. Next in interest, no doubt, was the *Nonetto* by Spohr, in which the oboe of Mr. RIBAS cooperated with the above; but we were unable to remain through the second part.

In the "Stradella" Overture the nine instruments assumed the duties of a little orchestra, and quite effectively. The various solos were of course skillfully and tastefully executed and gave great pleasure to the audience; and not the least acceptable feature in the concert was the singing by Miss PEARSON, who displayed a good degree of execution in the quaintly florid Page song.

The stage was decorated with flowers and with the bust of Mendelssohn, and Mr. RYAN's entrance was saluted with a loud burst of applause, which strongly emphasized the welcome.

Why can we not have more samples of the Nonet, Oetel and Septet forms of composition? They might serve well to strew these summer vacation months with a few choice flowers of music.

GRAND HIGH MASS was celebrated last Sunday (being Pentecost day), with something like European pomp, at the German Catholic Church (of the Holy Trinity), on Suffolk street. The altar was completely covered with flowers and multitudes of candles were burning. A new Mass, composed for the occasion by Mr. JOHN FALKENSTEIN, the organist and musical director, was sung by members of the Handel and Haydn Society and of the Orpheus Musical Association, with full orchestral accompaniment, the Germania Band forming the nucleus. The composition is florid, brilliant, operatic like so many of the Catholic Masses, but often quite impressive and full of effective contrasts. It certainly would compare well with not a few such works by musicians of some fame. Some interesting solos occurring in it were sung by Mrs. Ursula Pazolt, a fine clear soprano, and Mr. Schraubstädter (if our ears did not deceive us, for to see in such a crowd was impossible), baritone. For the *Offertorium*, an interesting Fugue was played upon the Organ, which however seemed to fritter itself away indefinitely toward the end.

The elder FETIS and HENRI HERZ have gone to London for the International Exhibition, the former to report upon the musical department, the latter to exhibit his pianos. The younger FETIS is said to have arrived some weeks since in New York, intend-

ing to reside there.—THALBERG also is in London; ALFRED JAELL too. The former has announced four matinées at which he will perform not only several new compositions of his own, but also several of the pieces recently composed for the piano by Rossini, which he has placed in Thalberg's charge. VERDI was to remain in London till the end of May. His International Exhibition *Cantata*—not performed at the opening—was to be given at Her Majesty's Theatre, between the acts of "The Barber of Seville," in which Trebelli was to be Rosina.

A letter from Berlin contains the following:

"A fresh grave in the churchyard belonging to the Dom parish is the grave of the Royal Musical Director, AUGUSTUS NEIDHARDT, founder and conductor of our universally celebrated Domchor. The ivy spreads its thick green foliage over it, while at the head, close behind the tombstone, a weeping willow, planted by the widow of the deceased as an emblem of grief, is destined to cast its shade over the mound. It is now some time since the Domchor had a monument in the form of an obelisk of light grey Silesian marble, erected in honor of their beloved and respected master. The monument, seven feet high, on a pedestal of granite, bears the following inscription:—

'Augustus Neidhardt, Royal Musical Director, born August 10, 1794, died April 18, 1861. The members of the Royal Domchor honor his memory.'

"On April 18, 1862, the anniversary of Neidhardt's death, which this year happened to fall on Good Friday, the monument was inaugurated by silent prayer and song. At half-past eight in the morning the members of the Domchor, with their present director, Herr von Hertzberg, the mourning widow, and friends of both sexes stood around the grave, which was richly decorated with wreaths and flowers. Despite the nipping, cool morning air, the chorus sang in a devout spirit the chorale "Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden," from J. S. Bach's *Passions-Musik*, and the deceased's moving composition, "Sei getreu bis in den Tod," with inimitable purity and sentiment. After this, Herr von Hertzberg called upon all present to offer up a silent prayer.

"The eminent services which the deceased rendered in his official capacity have been narrated in Theodore Rode's "Biography and Necrology." What he did as a national composer is evident from the fact that, besides his national song, "Ich bin ein Preusse," many others of his melodies have found their way into every class of our nation."

A new opera season of eighteen nights was to commence at the Metropolitan Theatre in San Francisco, on the 19th of May. The pieces to be given were the following: *Travatore*, *Traviata*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Genma di Vergy*, *Barbiere di Seviglia*, *Don Pasquale*, *Attila*, *Rigoletto*, *Macbeth*, *Ernani*, *Sonnambula*, *Nabucco*, *Linda di Chamounix*, *Norma*.

ERNST, the violinist, who has been for some time staying in Nice, in the hope of recovering his health, is in a very precarious condition. The news of Halévy's death is said to have had a prejudicial effect upon him.

SCHUBERT's opera, "Die Verschworenen, oder der Häusliche Krieg," has been published in complete piano-forte edition, with words, by A. Spina, in Vienna.

The London *Athenæum* mentions a discovery:

"The Chevalier X. Van Elewyck is engaged in a great work on the religious music of Belgium. He announces that the notices he has already worked out amount to 1,000. He adds, that he has lighted upon the biography and the works of a great Belgian composer of the eighteenth century, named Mathias Van den Gheyn, whose very name is almost forgot-

ten. No less than forty-one works of this master are now in the Chevalier's possession. M. Lemmens, who has examined them, affirms that, with the exception of Bach and Handel, the eighteenth century has produced no greater genius than Mathias Van den Gheyn. M. Féis has already bespoken his *Sonatas* and *Fugues* for the concerts of the Conservatoire. His name may just be known to English readers, for Dr. Burney mentions him as the greatest organist in Flanders; and this is perhaps the only historical record of him that exists. The Chevalier promises his biography shortly, in the form of a separate brochure."

The GERMANIA BAND, forming the nucleus of an Orchestra, under CARL ZERRAHN, are to commence a series of Promenade Concerts on the 12th of July, Saturday evening, in the Boston Music Hall. Popular music of the Jullien school, Operatic Potpourris and military music will be the principal attractions.

The Miss LIZZIE PARKER, so much bepraised in the reports of Opera in San Francisco, and spoken of as formerly a *prima donna* of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, was known here as Mrs. Lizzie Heywood.

MR. L. P. WHITNEY, pianist, has been giving a series of Musical Soirées at his pianoforte warehouses, in Dover, N. H., assisted by Mr. J. C. McGuinness, clarinet and cornet player, Miss H. F. Everett, vocalist (soprano), and other amateur talent. The programme for the first, May 26, contained a Sonata by Beethoven, and Variations by Mozart, a vocal Duet by Schubert, pieces by Verdi, Bellini, Gungl, &c. The Beethoven Sonata was for piano with clarinet, a work not often heard. In the Thematic Catalogue of Beethoven's works it stands: "Op. 17, Sonata (F major), for piano-forte and horn (or violin, or viola, or violoncello, or flute, or oboe, or clarinet)."

HECTOR BERLIOZ has written a comic opera for the inauguration of the theatre at Baden. It is based on Shakespeare's "All's Well that Ends Well."

FLOTOW, director of the Court theatre in Schwerin, being lately in Paris, related a fact in droll contrast with the position and treatment of the singing nobility there. He said that, on entering upon his office, he came across the contract of a valiant baritone, in which it was stipulated that after every court concert he should have the privilege of eating in the Grand-ducal kitchen; item of taking home with him a piece of roast meat! Imagine Roger or Lablache in the kitchen of his Majesty the Emperor, or walking home with a piece of meat wrapped up in a paper under his arm!

PSALMS FOR DANCING.—At the court of the French king Charles IX, the "low dances" then in vogue (called *lœu*, because the feet were scarcely ever lifted from the ground), were danced to psalm tunes.

The king's favorite dance went to the melody of the 129th psalm: "Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth; yet they have not prevailed against me."

A kapellmeister, by the name of William Tell, died recently at Berlin, at the age of sixty. He was the composer of several operas, and a great many pieces of church music. He exercised successively the functions of *chef d'orchestre* at the theatres of Magdeburgh and Aix-la-Chapelle, at Kroll's theatre in Berlin, and at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt theatre in the same place.

The widow of HALÉVY has executed a bust of her husband, which is said to be a perfect likeness of the celebrated composer.

Special Notices.

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A real "gem from the German." One of the best of this favorite composer's works.

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